

DEAFMUTE'S JOURNAL.

VOLUME LVIII

Published Every Thursday,
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1929

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 36

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post
Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in
Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

BUILDING A TEMPLE
A builder built a temple,
He wrought it with grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw its beauty
"It shall never know decay.
Great is the skill, O builder;
Thy fame shall endure for aye."

A teacher builded a temple
With loving and infinite care.
Planning each arch with patience.
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew of her wondrous plan,
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

None is the builder's temple,
Crumbed into the dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll,
For that beautiful unseen temple
Is a child's immortal soul.

THE BIG FOUR

Jordan is counting on you to play some good football at quarterback this year, and I know you will not disappoint us. Practice opens on September 15th, with the first day of school. The rules forbid us from holding workouts before that date, but I am expecting every man who wants to play on the Varsity this year to begin his personal training on September 1st. This is because our schedule is a hard one, and I want every man to be in condition for strenuous work when he reports. I hope you will take good care of yourself, beginning with the 1st; it may not be necessary for me to ask you, but I am asking every candidate."

Jimmy Byers, ex-Lockerbie and Jordan freshman quarterback, candidate for the same position on Jordan's Varsity eleven, read and reread this letter from Coach Phillips as his train neared the university town. After a summer of working in a railroad office in New York, Jimmy had spent a few days in Cleveland with his buddy, big Les Moore, and a week with relatives in Wisconsin. Now, anxious to get back to the university and start to work on studies and football alike, he was reaching the campus two days before school opened.

Suitcase in hand, he clambered down from the Chicago chaircar, the luxury of which he had bought because the ride from the "Windy City" was a long one, and the first man he saw was big Jake Hilligoss, Michigan farmer boy studying medicine at Jordan, and prospective center on the eleven.

"Hi, Jim," yelled the black-haired giant, waving a big paw as he shouldered his way through the crowd gathered to meet incoming students. "How's the boy?"

"Jake, how you've grown," laughed Jimmy, dropping his suitcase for a two-fisted handshake with the huge fellow.

"Two hundred and twelve," said Jake. "But you don't look so bad yourself."

"I'm not a growing boy like you," Jimmy replied. "Weigh a hundred and sixty-two, at that, training in a railroad office."

"Poor little shrimp," muttered Jake, in mock sympathy. "C'mon, Let's go out to the house and eat. Rush committee's got a car over here. Make them carry us out. Save all your steam, eat like a horse, and maybe you can get on the squad. C'mon."

He grabbed Jimmy's suitcase with one hand and Jimmy's arm with the other and led the way to a car filled with boys from the fraternity house. After a lot of handshaking, including the exchange of the Greek grip, Jimmy piled in, and the car whirled away through town to the campus. Jimmy, an orphan, felt that he was back home among his own people. Only the absence of Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, second and third of the Three Musketeers from Lockport, kept the setting from being perfect and complete.

"When are Les and Bill coming?" asked Jake, as they entered the house.

"Tomorrow, and they're coming together," Jimmy replied. "Billy came on from New York two or three days ago, and stopped to visit with Les."

Jimmy and Jake made arrangements to room together with a senior, who, with a new freshman,

would make their room organization complete. And then they reported to the rush captain for duty. They spent the evening helping entertain prospective pledges for the fraternity, and both boys threw themselves into the spirit of things. Both, however, would have preferred talking football. Between times, for they were up and on the go until midnight, they found occasion to swap news. Jimmy told of his leave of absence with pay from the railroad, which would relieve him of the need for waiting on table for his board.

"And my dad told me he'd pay my way this semester, so I could have a chance to make the team," said Jake. "If I make it, and make a 'B' average in grades, he says he will figure some way to back me till I'm through school. Put it up to me, see?"

"Yeah, and you can swing it," Jimmy declared. "Gosh, I wish Les and Billy would roll in."

"See 'em this summer, any?"

"Week-ended with Bill every week and passed and kicked the old ball around," said Jim. "And I was at Les's house a week ago for a couple of days. Les looks good."

"Bill still spoiling its stomach?" queried Jake, with a grin.

"Thinks it will put on weight—all this eating and drinking," Jimmy replied.

"Coach'll take that idea out of his head," said Jake, confidently.

Next morning about six o'clock Jimmy and Jake, sleeping in a double-decker bed in the top floor dormitory, were rudely awakened.

Jimmy, in the top bunk, was dragged out and thrown unceremoniously upon Jake, sleeping below. And then other figures leaped upon the pair, to roll and rough them until they were wideawake. The two sleepers gave battle unconsciously until they joyfully fell upon the newcomers and hugged them.

"Come on a night train," exclaimed husky Les Moore.

"Couldn't wait," added Billy, a tall, slender chap. "And when we get here ahead of time to see you guys, here you are asleep instead of meeting all trains. Fine kind of welcome—"

"Who're you, to want a welcome?" demanded Jake, roughly.

"Hey, you guys, get outa here," came a Senior voice.

"Beat it, and let us sleep," shouted another, wakened by the rumpus.

The four of them went downstairs to Jimmy and Jake's room, where they sat for an hour, talking of everything under the sun. Presently there was a lull in the excited conversation, and Jake Hilligoss, pulling on his trousers, spoke in a slow, deliberate voice.

"Listen, you fellows," he began.

"There are three of you. I know you—Three Musketeers and all that applesauce. Well, there are four of us now—get that? To be on the square, you got to have four—"

"The Big Four," yelled Billy Armstrong.

"New York, Cleveland, Michigan and Wisconsin," added Les.

"Big Four?" queried a sleepy voice from the doorway. The boys looked around and beheld Tony Hammond, a Senior, Law—Jimmy and Jake's senior,—coming in from the dormitory to dress. "Big Four? Where do you get that stuff? Sophomores, all of you."

"Four aces," declared Billy.

"And the sign of the Four," added Jimmy, "is—is—"

"A twenty-yard gain," Les Moore came up with reinforcements.

"Five yards apiece—that's us," Jake chimed in.

"Oh, you children run along now and get your oatmeal and milk," chided Hammond. "I've got a hard day ahead of me, and I want to start it right. Can't be bothered with you. Beat it!"

"What a nice friendly Senior you fellows have got," said Billy, near the door. He ducked out into the corridor a step ahead of a flying shoe, flung hard at him by Hammond.

"Say, young fellow," roared Hammond, leaping toward the door. But Billy was well out of reach, and the three other Sophomores followed him, careful not to

offend the lordly Senior themselves. At breakfast, and for an hour thereafter, the members of the new Big Four enjoyed themselves in riotous reunion. They talked football more than anything else, for all of them were anxious to get out upon the field and start in pursuit of regular places on the Varsity. Jake reported that he had been working on a farm all summer and felt tough as leather. Les said he had spent most of the summer in a steel mill.

"And Coach's letter asking me to go in training—that gave me a laugh," he added. "Why, I was already hard as nails when I got it." "Gave me a laugh, too," said Billy, "Punk idea—training before the season starts. I'll start training tomorrow at noon, when the practice season begins—and not till then."

"That's no spirit," commented Jake. "And when you guys are all stale, halfway through the schedule, I'll be in the old pink, ready and rarin' to go."

"If we all did that, we'd lose all the early games," Jimmy pointed out. "Nope, Billy, we got to begin now, if we haven't started already."

"Not me," Billy insisted.

"But the coach's letter asked us—" began Jake, slowly.

"But he's not our boss till school opens, I tell you," Billy declared, stubbornly.

Jimmy Byers said nothing, for he feared that further opposition would merely make Billy all the more stubborn.

He waited for an opportunity to talk to Billy alone, hoping he could reason with the New York millionaire's son. But the opportunity did not come, for the rush committee took charge of the four a little later and sent them hurrying here and there on errands for the fraternity.

Before noon, happening to pass the Soda Keg, Jimmy saw Billy inside with two other boys, one obviously a new freshman, regaling himself with ice-cream drinks.

Disappointed, for he was old-fashioned enough to want to do everything thoroughly, Jimmy hoped that Billy would go no further in his disregard of training requirements. Even the beginnings of football practice call for fairly good condition on the part of candidates. He wanted Les and Billy and Jake, all three, to have every chance at the Varsity, along with himself. And he knew that Billy, although clever and quick, a fast runner and good ball handler, lacked the physique to withstand a hard game.

A few minutes after he passed the Soda Keg, he met Coach Phillips, who greeted him heartily and stopped to chat. When the coach passed on, Jimmy turned about to watch him and saw, with some misgivings, that he entered the Soda Keg. At noon he missed Billy. During the afternoon, he went to the gymnasium, found some light track tags, and went out on the football field to pass and kick a ball for an hour or two. Jake Hilligoss appeared, too, but Les and Billy did not come. Then coach Phillips came in and caught us. He asked us if that was the way we got in shape with ice-cream drinks.

"Billy—uh, the prisoner, Your Honor—said he never got in shape for football till it was time to play it. Hawkins said yes, football don't start till tomorrow. I said I was only drinking a glass of milk. I'm not talking to you, Moore," he said. "I'm talking to Armstrong and Hawkins. You two boys," he said to them, "have a tough row to hoe to make the Varsity. And after you make it, the going is tougher than ever. I asked you, as a favor to me, to Jordan, and to yourselves to take good care of yourselves from September 1st on. Is that the way you do it?" he said.

"Well, Your Honor, they both talked back to him, and he got mad and said, 'Well if that's the way you feel, you need not report for suits tomorrow afternoon,' and he went out. Then the prisoner and Hawkins, Your Honor, went to Hawkins's room and had two bottles apiece. Two bottles—"

"Only bottles?" demanded the judge. "What was in them?"

"It was pop," Les replied. "I asked the prisoner and Hawkins not to drink the stuff—"

"Pop, pop?" demanded Tony Hammond, severely, pointing a finger at Billy.

"Yes, pop; that's all it was," exclaimed Billy, suddenly.

"But they drank it, and we started home," continued Les. "I reported to the judge of this court, what had happened; and that is my story."

"A very serious, a very serious story indeed," pronounced the Kangaroo judge, in all solemnity.

"And it constitutes our presentation of evidence, Your Honor," added Jerry Davis, the prosecutor, looking with pity upon the prisoner.

"What has the defense to offer?" asked the judge, turning to Jimmy.

"I will ask my client, Your Honor," began Jimmy, counsel for the defense, hopefully, "to quote for the court his

apology to Coach Phillips. I will ask him to tell the court what he said or promised to the coach, to reinstate himself, so that he may play football."

Billy Armstrong flashed a quick look of resentment at his old buddy and then turned to face the Kangaroo judge.

"You can bet your life I didn't do any such thing!" he exclaimed. "When he told me I needn't report for football tomorrow, I said, 'That suits me. If you want me to train in football season, O. K. If you want me to train out of season, nothing stirring.' That's the apology I made."

"And I will ask the prisoner to state whether, in his opinion, he is now barred from football," said Jimmy, sick all through the situation Billy had provoked.

"Abso-doggoned-lutely," declared Billy.

It should be said that throughout the proceedings thus far, the fraternity members made smart cracks and laughed or nodded their heads in approbation of developments, according to their inclinations. All of them knew they would have to vote on the situation, one way or another, and all of them took the responsibility more seriously than their behavior would seem to indicate.

"Any further testimony?" asked the judge to Jimmy, who nodded negatively. "Then the court will hear the argument for the defense."

"May it please the court," Jimmy said, clearing his throat, "I will plead the defendant's youth. He is awfully young. I expect he is one of the youngest men, in actions at least, that we have around here. It will be a terrible blow to his father, who looks to him to make good. And then it will be a blow for all of us, who are his friends, if he should be punished for something he did thoughtlessly."

"Nothing of the kind; I knew what I was doing," growled Billy, stubbornly.

"Finally, I plead that his future good behavior will be looked after," continued Jimmy. "We have a new organization among us Sophomores, who want to play football. It is what we call the 'Big Four,' and besides the prisoner, Your Honor, the members are the officers here, Hilligoss and myself. We will guarantee that the prisoner makes no more outbreaks, of the court will find him not guilty as charged."

"Yes, you will," grumbled Billy, in sarcasm.

"Silence in the court," yelled the Kangaroo judge. "Now then, the prosecutor will argue for the Kangaroo State."

"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," began Jerry Davis, Kangaroo prosecutor, "it was in my mind to plead this cause as I found it. But the whole thing makes me sick, and I'm sorry I cannot go through regular judicial procedure. I'm too hot. What gripes me is this counsel here promising to roll over and play dead and all that kind of rot for Coach Phillips. Coach had no right to kick these two men off his squad, because school is not open yet. He's not their nurse. After tomorrow, all right. But not today. Now then, didn't he go and give old Hilligoss a raw deal last year? Hasn't he got it in for all our gang? Everybody knows it!"

"So I move you that this court instructs this prisoner to sit tight on his football stuff, and abstain from apology to the coach, and also that all other fraternity members abstain from football until the matter is settled and this prisoner is again playing football. We got to show this coach he can't pull that high-handed stuff on us. He's got it in for us, or he wouldn't kick one of our men off the squad before the season opens."

Jerry Davis, fat and red faced, was working himself into an angry pitch.

"Say, you fat fish, who said Hilly got a raw deal last year?" demanded big Jake Hilligoss. "He's my brother, and I know—"

"Silence in the court," demanded Hammond, pounding the table with his book.

"Your Honor, in argument upon that motion—" began Jimmy Byers his face white. He now realized that the situation, provoked by a little thing, was really serious. He knew the fraternity could bind its members and that the court, convened in comedy, might be dismissed as the climax to tragedy.

"What has the defense to offer?" asked the judge, turning to Jimmy.

"I will ask my client, Your Honor," began Jimmy, counsel for the defense, hopefully, "to quote for the court his

snapped Jerry Davis.

"The court will decide about this," said Jimmy. "Your Honor—"

But before the Kangaroo judge could rule on the question, or Jimmy could plead for his right to argue, the crowd took matters into its own hands. Swayed by the appeal of Jerry Davis, and tired of the comedy as well, the boys set up a shout.

"Question? Question! Put the motion!" they yelled.

"Quiet, please," demanded Judge Hammond. "The prosecution's argument closes the case—"

"But," began Jimmy, only to be shut off.

"And besides that, the jury demands its right to render a verdict," the Kangaroo judge ruled. "Will the jury retire?"

"I'm foreman," declared a big, raw-boned youngster. "I say we'll not retire off we've voted on this case. Then me for the hay!"

"Very well. You've heard the motion. All in favor, say 'aye'."

A roar of "ayes" went up, and when the Kangaroo judge asked for negative opinions, none was heard. The motion was carried, and Jimmy, Les, and big Jake were forbidden to play football! They heard the verdict with sinking hearts and looked at one another in dismay. Without paying any attention to the boys, the crowd, laughing and singing, broke up. Jimmy sat down on the end of the judge's table, stunned with the result of all the horseplay.

"Has this gang gone crazy?" demanded Jake Hilligoss. "They can't tell me I'm not to play football."

"Nor me, either," echoed Les Moore.

"Wish I'd never gotten into this mess."

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-holding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE number of state conventions and reunions of the deaf this summer is an encouraging sign. It is evidence of a general recognition that the condition of deafness requires organized effort to make their progress steady and certain. Also that getting together at stated periods conduces to their future happiness and social welfare.

The populous centers have clubs and societies that increase to a great extent the welfare of the members and serve for recreational relief from the humdrum of their silent lives.

The elevating influences of church work among the deaf attracts attention of hearing people and wins for them the respect and regard of the communities in which they dwell, and substitutes for the attitude of pity for their lot a sense of admiration for the cheerfulness and courage with which they tackle the obstacles that hinder their handicapped path.

In sparsely populated districts these benefits are rarely distributed, and the existence of the deaf is lonely and their gregarious instincts suppressed.

The state conventions of the deaf kindle enthusiasms, beget friendships, and increase opportunities in lines of usefulness that lead to success. These conventions educate the public about the capabilities of a class of people to whom one of the most important of the five senses has been denied. Their advantages and disadvantages are made clear. They have lived the experience individually and are able to tell of the effectiveness and shortcomings of educational methods with the full force of truth.

At school, as children, their preceptors spoke for them; as men and women, they speak for themselves.

Irrefutable evidence of the worth of any or all methods of teaching the deaf may be estimated by the results, and conventions of the deaf promulgate results. The public is less apt afterwards to be hypnotized into the belief that the sole hope of mental salvation for deaf adults, is training them while children by one method only. Whereas, wisdom allied to experience decides that the Combined System (different methods, as the condition of the child suggests) is the safe and sane highway of progress for all.

If all superintendents of schools for the deaf were to estimate the value of the method of instruction given to the deaf, their theorizing might be modified and the mental cultivation of the deaf wards of the State considerably advanced. To the deaf, spoken words obtained from lip motions have no sounds. They are mere signs of syllables that make up the words, and except to the partly deaf and those few who learned to speak before sickness deprived them of the sense of hearing, these words so gleaned have little or no significance. The per capita paid for the education of each pupil

is the same; therefore, it is only just to the deaf child, its family, the community, and the State, that the benefits derived should as nearly as possible be equalized.

FANWOOD

Principal Gardner returned to his desk last Thursday, after a pleasant vacation at Virginia Beach, Va., with his family. The healthy coat of tan bespeaks of the many hours out in the open. He visited the many historic places of interest that abound in Virginia and are within easy auto distance.

With the opening of the fall term a week away, old Fanwood will soon resume all its diverse activities again for its one hundred and eleventh year in the teaching of the deaf, a record to be proud of. Up to last June 5269 pupils have received instruction at this school.

The school buildings are all in spic and span order, all the new fireproof stairways having been finished last month and given the final coat of paint.

A sad incident happened last Sunday when Cadet Edward Hart fell from a window of his home while walking in his sleep. He sustained a fractured skull and other internal injuries, from which he died the next day. He was fifteen years old, and had been promoted to the Sixth Grade this term.

Dr. Thomas F. Fox returned from his vacation trip to the Canadian coast towns, on Saturday. He spent a couple of weeks in Nova Scotia, and no doubt, the F. L. A. will be entertained after with an interesting account of his travels around the land of Evangeline.

Miss Agnes Craig reports that she did not spend her vacation on a farm where they make Magnolia condensed milk. The real fact is that she went all over Pennsylvania state, enjoying the scenery in her sister's brand new Chevrolet.

August Wriede, of Baltimore, Md., and his wife (who still looks like a lushing bride), were welcome callers last week. Mr. Wriede is a Fanwood boy, and has made his way well since graduating. At present he is holding down a situation as floorman on the Baltimore Sun.

Mr. James Garrick enjoyed a two week's vacation up-State, and returned on Tuesday.

Apostles of Light.

Out of the Great Darkness of suspense, apprehension, gloom, terror and ignorance of the age, fourteen men have contributed, probably more than all others combined, in leading the world to intelligence and light.

These Apostles of Light have made astronomy the Candle of Civilization. They have given to the world the Sunshine of the light of intelligence. They have contributed priceless contributions in dispelling the terror, the gloom of the past; and have made possible the present day understanding of the mysterious universe.

In these days of marvelous achievement, it is well to look backwards and review the lives of these men, whose departing "left behind them footprints on the sand of time." They were the Mussolini, Henry Fords and Colonel Lindberghs of their period.

Now, with radio, mechanical men, radium, daily trips to the North Pole across seas, and over mountains, just commonplace news, it is well to give a thought to these explorers of the universe, who blazed the trails of the sky. These Apostles of Light worked in the dark, often in secret.

Ed. Des Rocher was the lively scene of a surprise party in honor of Mrs. Val Behr, of St. Louis, Mo., some time ago, about twenty-seven guests being on hand to enjoy the gay occasion.

A letter, signed by the new superintendent D. T. Cloud, has been mailed out to every pupil here to attend the Illinois deaf school this week.

There was no mass at the Ephpheta Club home chapel Sunday morning, August 25th, as it is on the fourth Sunday of every month. However, the members enjoyed a pleasant evening in games and social conversation.

The Pas-a-Pas Club held a weekly Saturday party at the club hall, Saturday, August 24th, with a good attendance, it being in the nature of "500" and bunco party.

The members of the Ladies' Aid Society and Susannah Wesley Circle enjoyed a joint picnic in Jackson Park, Saturday, August 24th. All were welcome to attend and help make the occasion merry.

Alfred Arnot's deaf parents, of South Bend, Ind., stopped off here for a while on their way to the reunion of the Illinois Alumni deaf school this week.

Mrs. Oscar Pearson's mother, aged 83, is becoming helpless from the effect of her falling in the kitchen. Mrs. Pearson and her sister are caring for her by turns.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Des Rocher pleased the writer and his wife by calling on them Saturday evening, August 24th. They gave two dollars to the writer to send in their subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Wm. Hom returned last week from Davenport, Ia., after a stay of a few days. While there, he called to

Author Unknown.

CHICAGO

The tour of our Robey Burns and his protege of 9,000 miles, embraced sixteen states. They left Jacksonville June 17th, and planned to motor up to Oregon and Washington from California. However, Burns' duties as chairman of the local committee in charge of the Illinois Alumni reunion, necessitated cutting the Northwest feature out, and the lads went through Nevada to the Yellowstone.

Burns attended the Pas-a-Pas club's "500" on the 24th, when he made final announcements of his convention.

His face is, well, considerably older. But the honest Irish eyes still twinkle with all their cheerful candor—just as they did when George Parrish was

court jester to deafdom at Goodyear, during the World War. Poor old Parrish—still a footloose "bach"—hit town on the 24th, hoping to land a job and join our mad, merry throng, as a permanent Chicagoan. Here's hoping.

The world is full of sadness and sorrow, and men of Parrish's bubbling ebullition are priceless.

Mr. George T. Dougherty left on the 26th, in the car of Rev. and Mrs. George Frederick Flick, for the Ohio centennial at Columbus.

Miss Laura Fritch, of Evansville, Ind., returned to her home Saturday, after spending the summer with her sister, Mrs. Paul Lange, at Delavan, Wis.

The Wisconsin deaf school will be opened on September 3d, to begin the Fall and winter terms. From advance records, it is believed that the enrollment this year will be larger than previous years.

The Misses Martha and Anna May Lange, Evelyn Ellison, Margaret Winters, Elizabeth Dooley, Dorothy Gant, Effie Goff, Lucile Miler, Charlotte Sturtevant and Marion Crowley, all living at Delavan, Wis., were members of a house party at Lauderdale Lake over the week-end.

A number of the deaf people of Delavan motored to Rockton, Ill., near Beloit, Wis., Sunday, to attend the deaf picnic. One of the main features of the afternoon activities was a ball game, at which event the Delavan boys were able to defeat the Illinois team by a score of 13 to 4.

Mrs. Lawrence Williams, Misses Marlene Parish and Martha Lange, of Delavan, Wis., were hostesses at the weekly party at Delbrook, Friday afternoon. Mrs. H. N. O'Brien, of Darien, received first prize, Mrs. Helen Schumacher, second, Mrs. Keegan, from Assembly Park, third. Mrs. Harry Gifford received guest prize.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans K. Hanson, residing on Institute Hill, at the Wisconsin deaf school, were the victims of surprise party, Friday evening, when fifty of the deaf of Delavan and vicinity came to help them celebrate their twentieth wedding anniversary. A delicious lunch was served by the women and, before taking their departure, the guests presented the worthy couple with a purse of money.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Van Ness and two children, who were called last July to Delavan, Wis., by the death of her sister, Mrs. W. Robinson, returned through Chicago, on their way to Washington, D. C., after a stay of three weeks with their niece, Mrs. E. Henry, and also their nephew, O. V. Robinson, and families.

Mrs. H. Odom gives the following news about the doings of the colored deaf:

A whist party was given at Mr. and Mrs. Davis' flat on the 17th. Mrs. Grant and Mr. Taylor carried off first prize, a beautiful bread set and knife. A grand time was had by all.

Mr. Richardson, of New York City, was a visitor here last Sunday.

Mr. Lee R. Bates had as his guest for dinner in South Chicago last Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Grant and Miss Aleon Wilson.

Mrs. Georgia Askew, of Cleveland, Ohio, is in the city for a week's stay with her sister, and extending greeting to her many friends.

Mr. Arthur L. Grant, who has been in the employ of the stock yards for at least eight years, will be granted a week's vacation about the last of the month. Whether he and his wife will leave the city on extended tour or stay at home is problematical.

Mr. and Mrs. Brooks, the newlyweds have moved from E. 40th Street to the groom's home at 39th and Indiana Avenue, where they are happily married.

Most of our male population have good steady jobs at the stock yards and are doing well, we are glad to state.

THIRD FLAT

427 S. Robey St.

ST. MATTHEW'S LUTHERAN MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Services every Sunday at 3 o'clock in the church on South 9th Street, between Driggs Avenue and Roebling Street, Brooklyn. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg Bridge.

Meeting of the class at the Parish-House of St. Matthew's Church on 145th and Convent Avenue, every Friday night from 6:30 to 8 P.M. Assembly room on the third floor of Parish House.

Deaf people are just as capable, are just as competent, just as well able to earn an honest living as is the average man who can hear.—Elbert Hubbard.

The only lesson to be learned from war is the value of peace.—Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

see Mr. and Mrs. Frank Neyens, but found they have moved.

Miss Laura Sheridan occupied the room at the M. E. Mission, Sunday afternoon, August 25th. About the usual number were on hand.

Ed. Hughes and his daughter, of Cleveland, O., are in Chicago for a one-week's visit with his folks. He follows the occupation of a draftsman in that city.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week's trip to New York and other states.

Rev. P. Hasenstab and his wife, in company of their daughter, Mrs. C. Elmes, and her child, have arrived here from a month's sojourn at Delavan Lake, Wis., this week. He has gone to the Illinois deaf school reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Martin left last week for one week

SEATTLE

species unknown to her, but the most amusing animals were the bears and cubs, which were really wild. One half-grown cub obligingly climbed a tree very near the camp and allowed numerous snapshots to be taken of him.

At the picnic on the 11th, Robert Bronson exhibited quite a number of kodak pictures of his friends, which he had snapped when he caught them unawares. Some of them were quite comical. We shall have to watch out for Robert when he is strolling with his camera.

We recently received a box of peaches from Mrs. Bronson, which came fresh from her ranch at Yakima. Robert also received some peaches at the same time. Mrs. Bronson says it has been very hot at Yakima, being 100 in the shade a great deal of the time.

Mr. Partridge has just ended a week's vacation. He spent one day of it at Rainier National Park. As George Oelschlagel stayed at home and tended the chickens while Harry went up to Rainier with his brother, Robert, while the latter was visiting here from Minnesota, True thought it was now George's turn to see the great show place of our State. Accordingly he took him along with his family, and George was deeply interested in all he saw. It was his first view of a glacier, and of wild bears, and the brightly colored flowers so close to the snow astonished him. He was a little disappointed that the clouds prevented a view of Mt. Rainier clear to the top. George says that he wants to go up and stay a week at that fascinating place when he has a chance. Not a small part of the treat was the home cooked lunches Mrs. Partridge served, as George and Harry are basting.

Mr. Vincent was a regular attendant at the services at St. Mark's and twice within the past year partook of Holy Communion. Dr. Hanson officiated at the funeral services, which were held in the little chapel connected with the county farm. The body was cremated.

At the P. S. A. D. meeting, Mrs. Burgett, Arvid Rudnick, and Alfred Goetz, of Tacoma, were present, and also Mrs. Moon, who moved recently to Seattle from Arizona with her husband. The latter is a hearing man, employed as a cook at the Olympic Hotel. Mrs. Moon formerly lived in Seattle, and was known as Miss Mary Lawrence. The P. S. A. D. gave its attention to several proposed changes in the constitution, to be voted on at next meeting. Before adjournment, Alfred Goetz made his maiden speech to the meeting. He talked about some of his experiences at a summer outing near Port Angeles a year ago. Save for spelling names too fast, his delivery was very good.

Mrs. LaMotte spent a week-end recently in Portland, going both on pleasure and business.

THE HANSONS
August 22, 1929

The First Card Index.

HIPPARCHUS—(2nd century B.C.)—Prepared the first card index, a catalogue of over one thousand stars. He was the son of Pisistratus, who established the first democracy in the history of the world. A Greek by birth, Hipparchus was born at Nicæa in Bithynia. Beginning in early life, the serious study of astronomy while on the island of Rhodes, probably about 161 B.C., he discovered a new star. The appearance of this star in the heavens about 134 B.C., is said to have prompted him to prepare a card index or catalogue of 1,080 stars. These records he is said to have kept upon slabs of stone.

He flourished upon the island of Rhodes, following his study of Chaldean astronomy as a boy. He is known to be the founder of that branch of mathematics which we call trigonometry, that today causes sleepless hours and consumes much grey matter of the modern youth.

He is also regarded as the founder of that branch of mathematics known as latitude and longitude, which he established and through which modern aviators and ship masters find their bearings and location.

The discoveries and contributions of Hipparchus are becoming more priceless in the present world of progress than ever before. Someone ought to name a landing field for him. His name on a transoceanic aeroplane would bring him again to the attention of the world.

The first Nature Trail, along which natural objects are labeled in place, was established in the Harriman State Park, on Bear Mountain, Rockland County. National and State Parks throughout the country are following this example.

THE FUTURE

"Tis well enough to brag and boast, But men who really do the most Sit very still.

They're very conscious all the time Tomorrow they will have to climb

Another hill.

Now all the little dreams come true Make up for deeds they want to do.

Achievement is a pleasant thing, But there's no end to conquering,

And wise men see

That what is done, however fair, Cannot in any way compare

With what's to be.

And wise men's thoughts are ever turned On secrets that are still unlearned.

I praise my skillful surgeon's hand.

"So much you've come to understand,"

To him I say,

And then he smiles and whispers low;

"The things I really want to know

Lie far away.

You think I've learned a lot, but oh,

There is so much I do not know."

There is no conquest all complete;

No stopping place for human feet;

No final goal.

Onward and upward men ascend

And none of us shall see the end

glory's scroll.

But small and trivial is the past,

It is the future which is vast!

—Edgar A. Guest.

NEW YORK

Do you believe in superstition? Emanuel Souweine did not, but now it seems he does so. It all came about in this way. One day in August, a stray black cat found its way in his office. Mr. Souweine petted the poor thing, and was told that would bring bad luck; but he only laughed and said he did not believe in superstition. The next day, Mr. Nuboer, who works for him, was run down by an ambulance, and a few days later Mr. Ormsby, another of his help in his office, was run down by a taxi, and now Mr. Souweine, himself, is in the hospital, the result of a sprained ankle. At this writing, Mr. Nuboer is recuperating at White Plains, and may be there for two or three weeks, but informs us that the doctors there say he will not be able to work till about the 15th of November. Mr. Ormsby is still at St. Vincent Hospital, and it is uncertain when he will recover, as he was hurt the most. Mr. Souweine may be unable to walk for some time, as it takes time for a sprained ankle to heal.

Mr. H. Borgstrand gathered together a party of friends, Wednesday evening, August 28th, to surprise the little "Lady of the Dancing Feet"—his better half—who passed away another year-stone in the procession of the years. Pleasant conversation was indulged and a "Kaffee Klatch" served in the garden of the Borgstrand home—after the surprise to the little lady. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. O'Donnell, Berger, Nesgood, Toohey, Uhner, Fettscher, Mrs. Glyme, Misses K. Christgau, S. Burns, Messrs. Rehling, Gillen, Macer, Weimuth and W. O'Donnell, and several hearing friends. Mrs. Borgstrand was the recipient of many tokens of affection.

As the poet would say "Tis the last rose of summer" but in this case to many of the deaf of New York, till another summer rolls around 'twill be the last bath in the surf, and that is why so many of the silent population of New York were at Brighton Beach last Tuesday, August 27th. Most of them afterwards went to Coney Island for supper, and later witnessed the display of fireworks off the boardwalk. Other attractions were Luna Park and Steeplechase. They did not mind the expenses or the exertion either, and when they got home tired and weary, they called it a day.

Mrs. Moses W. Loew is now in the Jewish Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., where she will be operated on for a tumor in her breast.

Max Kantrow from Monticello, N. Y., sends greeting to his fellow members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

Perry Schwing, a graduate of Fanwood of 1928, spent a week's vacation in Philadelphia last week.

Will the Deaf Sign-Language Be An International Sign-Language?

Being propaganda fed during the World War, and in order to ameliorate disappointed deafened soldiers whom we all thought would be discharged from the Army and Navy, I joined the Boy Scout Master school, conducted by Mr. Donald Gulick, at the city, Y. M. C. A. Being deaf to all talks, but much alive to demonstrations and reading all I could regarding the lessons, I finish the lessons creditably, and was the only one passing telegraph codes and semaphore signal examinations perfectly.

The war ended and yet not a single deafened ex-soldier was noticed on a street, in club or church. Alas! but the trainings in the Scout Master School, and monthly hikes in mid-winter, months to lake or woods, where we were thrown upon our resources, no matter in what mood Nature was, rain or shine, cold or hot, have done me incalculable service during my late career, and will always be so. They enhance my appreciation of good order, life and Nature. The appreciation is being deepened as the years go by.

Backed by my Boy Scout training, I thought I would have a better chance to encourage the inserting of the single-hand alphabet in the Boy Scout Manual, and started correspondence with the National Boy Scout Headquarters. It showed no progress with the exception of an unfulfilled promise to print a card of the hand alphabet in the Boy Scout periodical. Then I enlisted the aid of a city newspaper editor torn out of the *Bull Moose Campaign*. It drew to him Amos Pinch and Theodore Roosevelt. The editor gave me Mr. Roosevelt's reply to his appeal in behalf of my endeavor to insert the single-hand alphabet in the Boy Scout Manual. It made practically no progress. My next endeavor was to enlist the aid of the National Association of the Deaf. It's President, Jay Cooke Howard, instantly put me on Dr. Schuyler Long's Boy Scout Committee. Dr. Long handed me all of the correspondence he had with Mr. Thompson Seton. The Committee met a stone wall and was soon disbanded.

During the N. F. S. D. convention at Colorado, my meeting Miss Winona Bird, a Sioux then in her second year at Colorado College for Women, and my witnessing of Chief Ever Green Tree's address in his Indian sign-language, at the N. F. S. D. banquet, strengthened my faith in the reliability of using the Indian sign-language that had withstood many centuries, and fortified my belief that the Boy Scout Manual should include the single-hand alphabet, and several deaf and sign-languages. I told Miss Winona Bird to conceive some way for young and intelligent Indians like herself and Chief Ever Green Tree, to assemble and devise

RADLEIN-MURCHIE

At St. Ann's Church, on Sunday, September 1st, Miss Florence Murchie and Mr. Louis Radlein were united in the holy bonds of matrimony, Rev. Gilbert C. Braddock officiating.

The bride looked quite beautiful in a wedding dress of white. She carried a huge bouquet of roses, and was escorted by her father. The bridesmaid was a young lady who could hear. The groom was attended by Charles Oleson as best man. Mr. George Steinhauser was chief usher and Mrs. Steinhauser, matron of honor.

After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served.

The bride, for quite a long time, has been one of the bevy of silent songsters at St. Ann's Church.

Mr. Radlein is a stalwart young man, quite popular and very useful at St. Ann's.

The writer joins with the large number of deaf and hearing friends who saw the wedding ceremony, in wishing the happy couple a pleasant voyage on the matrimonial sea.

Mrs. John Kooper and her two lovely children have been in New York for a week, with Mr. and Mrs. Burke entertaining them. Mrs. Kooper, while a pupil at Fanwood was Amelia Stenz and Wanda Makowska was her special schoolmate friend. Mrs. Kooper left for her home in Schenectady on Monday, September 2d.

Thomas Reston, with his daughter, Peggy, was among the swimmers at the pool on West 160th Street in the afternoon of Monday last. Abe Hirson spent the entire morning of Labor Day there.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin L. Glynn were among the thousands who spent three days at Asbury Park over the Labor Day week-end.

I. Morganstein writes from Niagara Falls that he feels fine there. Before he left New York he looked fine, and when he returns he ought to feel still finer.

Mrs. Moses W. Loew is now in the Jewish Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y., where she will be operated on for a tumor in her breast.

Max Kantrow from Monticello, N. Y., sends greeting to his fellow members of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League.

Perry Schwing, a graduate of Fanwood of 1928, spent a week's vacation in Philadelphia last week.

BOY SCOUTS AT WORLD JAMBOREE WILL LEARN INDIAN SIGN-LANGUAGE

The following accompanying extract from the August issue of *Scranton Scout Messenger* gladdens a humanitarian's heart. It will eventually lead to the official adoption of single hand alphabet in the Scout Manual Book.

BOY SCOUTS AT WORLD JAMBOREE WILL LEARN INDIAN SIGN-LANGUAGE

The Indian sign-language, as a means of intercommunication between Boy Scouts from all parts of the globe, will be taught to the nearly 60,000 boys from forty-two nations, who are participating in the World Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead, England this summer, according to the announcement from the National Offices of the Boy Scouts of America.

William Tomkins, Indian sign-language expert, will be brought all the way from San Diego, Cal., to teach the boys. He has already taught Indian signs to many American boys and thousands of the Boy Scouts of America are proficient in what may become the international language of boys.

The furtherance of a common means of communication between Boy Scouts has the sympathetic co-operation of scout leaders in all parts of the world, as it is keeping with the scout program of international goodwill, the fostering of which is one of the foremost objectives of the jamboree.

SPECIAL FEATURES

The teaching of the Indian sign-language is only one of many special features which the nearly 1,500 Boy Scouts of America attending the jamboree will take with them to entertain and instruct their fellow scouts from other lands.

One of the features of the American scouts' participation in the jamboree will be a pageant of camping activities as conducted in America, extending over the full period of the jamboree from July 31 to August 13th. The pageant will be given by scouts representing every section of the country, and the scenes will depict camping activities from the early Indian days to the present time.

An effort is being made to take many things typically American to show to the scouts of the world. Some of the following will give an idea of the extensive plans in this direction. Scouts from Syracuse, N. Y., will live in a complete Adirondack wilderness camp, with a lean-to typical of that type of camping. They will make many types of baskets as handicraft activities.

Belts of wampum, like those made from the seashore shells by the Long Island Indians are to be woven by the Jamboree Scouts of Nassau County, N. Y.

BIG PROGRAM

Another instance where the Indian idea will be used, will be at the camp of the Itasca Troop, which will consist of scouts from Minnesota and the Dakotas. They will set up an Ojibwa Indian Longhouse. They will make the Indian pipe of peace—the Calumet—from Minnesota's famous pipestone. The troop from Indianapolis, Ind., will take with them a "Covered Wagon," reproducing the historical prairie schooner.

They have the congratulations and best wishes of their many friends for a long and happy life.

Mr. Joe Kyncl, erstwhile treasurer of the A. C. D., and yet pencil-pusher were dropper-ins at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alvis Hurt last week. A lot of tawdry was passed around, yet an enjoyable visit had. We notice since Mrs. Hurt has been out in Sunny California, she has improved much in health and looks, and her youngest daughter, Miss Violet, who arrived from Omaha last Sunday, Mrs. Hurt, as well as Alvis are certain to "build up" and be happy rest of their lives, as they are near all their children.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Nash have moved into their new six-room home at 686 East 39th Street, from their four-year stay at 644 Gladys Avenue.

Miss Violet Hurt, the "baby" of Mr. and Mrs. Alvis Hurt, arrived Sunday from Omaha, Neb. The trip was made with a number of her friends via auto and Miss Hurt informs us riding in an auto, camping out and hiking at intervals "is the life." She is much pleased with Los Angeles, she says, and oh, so glad to be with her folks again.

The southwestern scouts, who will represent plains Indians, will be prepared to play the game of La Crosse, as the Indians of their area played it, with two La Crosse sticks. Other typical American games to be played by American scouts, such, of course, as baseball, basketball, and volleyball. This is to be done in the hope that the scouts of other lands will thus become acquainted with these games and join in their playing. As an evidence of their own interest in the spirit of brotherhood American scouts, will take with them samples of American scout handicraft for the purpose of exchanging samples with their fellow scouts from other lands.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cohen spent the week-end of August 24th at Wildwood, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cohen spent the week-end of August 24th at Wildwood, N. J.

CALIFORNIA

some way for their service or occasional service to the Boy and Girl scouts. It is well-adapted to Nature of their sign-language.

Coming home, I started an extensive reading and study of Indian sign-language in Mr. Clarke's book, and other reliable books. Now I agreed that the Indian sign-language is the proper sign-language to be taught to scouts. It is well-adapted to Nature and those living close to Nature, while the deaf sign-language is appropriate to city life with its fast changing modes of life. The Indian sign-language is a very valuable tool in detective work. Its meaning is greatly aided by a slight movement of face, shoulders, hands and arms. It has the elements of applied psychology. The Indian sign-language has a minimum facial expression. Its hand and arm movements are of a dignified manner. The deaf sign-language is far ahead of the two previously mentioned sign-languages for hymn rendition, the lecture platform class room of college conversation, pantomime, social and business intercourses.

It behoves any intelligent deaf to get the mastery of the three sign-languages—namely, their own deaf sign-language, Indian sign-language and Italian sign-languages.

We must not lose sight of the fact that the Deaf sign-language is the modification of the Indian sign-language brought to France by their quick-sighted pioneers and trappers from the New World, and brought back to the New World by Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet and Mr. Laurent Clerc, through the kindness and instruction of Abbé Sicard, the worthy successor of Abbé de l'Epee, whose statue will be unveiled in Buffalo by the National Association of the Deaf in 1930.

In the biography of Rev. H. Gallaudet by his son, Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet foresaw the universal use of sign-language.

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform.

The following accompanying extract from the August issue of *Scranton Scout Messenger* gladdens a humanitarian's heart. It will eventually lead to the official adoption of single hand alphabet in the Scout Manual Book.

BOY SCOUTS AT WORLD JAMBOREE WILL LEARN INDIAN SIGN-LANGUAGE

The Indian sign-language, as a means of intercommunication between Boy Scouts from all parts of the globe, will be taught to the nearly 60,000 boys from forty-two nations, who are participating in the World Scout Jamboree at Birkenhead, England this summer, according to the announcement from the National Offices of the Boy Scouts of America.

William Tomkins, Indian sign-language expert

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday on each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested, write B. FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 84 Lawrence Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Abraham Barr, 1018 East 163d Street, New York City.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape.

Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, James P. McGovern, 1535 Taylor Ave., Bronx.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursday of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitor coming from a distance of over twenty five miles welcome. Samuel Frankenheim President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary 143 West 125th Street, New York City

Evangelical Association of the Deaf

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.
Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant
Every Sunday

Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets. Room 15. Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf!

Harlem Silent Club of Colored Deaf

Apt. 44-2605 Eighth Ave., New York City. The object of the club is to promote the social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.

Club room open the year round. Regular meetings on the first Thursday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club.

Clarence Basden President; Howell Young Secretary, 340 West 133d St., N. Y. City

Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor of Michigan. Open Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays. Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Sunday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City
Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Curate

SERVICES

June, July and August.—Every Sunday at 11 A.M. Holy Communion, First Sunday of each month.

Office Hours.—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30, except Saturdays. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

"The Best and Largest Deaf Club in the West!"

SPHINX CLUB

131 West 15th Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Has Dance Hall, Stage, Gymnasium, Library Dining Room, Lounge Room, Pool Room, Janitor Service.

250 members and going strong.

Open every night. Out-of-town visitors welcome.

35-3m.

ORGANIZED 1882
INCORPORATED 1891

Room 901, 19 South Wells Street
CHICAGO

Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit

America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings First Saturdays

Frank A. Johnson, President

Mrs. W. E. McGann, Secretary

4114 Clarendon Ave.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions

Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays

Address all communications to the Secretary.

Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

RESERVED

BRONX DIVISION, No. 92

N. F. S. D.

October 19, 1929

REMEMBER

This space is reserved for the Hebrew Association of Deaf

Saturday, March 22, 1930

(Particulars later)

RESERVED

W. P. A. S. FAIR

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday

December 10th, 12th, 14th, 1929

Fifth Annual Bazaar

under auspices of the
LADIES AUXILIARY
of the

Lutheran Mission to the Deaf

In aid of the Building Fund

at

Immanuel Parish Hall

177 South 9th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bet. Driggs Ave. and Roebling St., near Williamsburg Bridge Plaza

on

Thursday and Friday Evenings and Saturday Afternoon

Nov. 28, 29 and 30th

Admission, 10 Cents

KATHERINE CHRISTGAU, Chairlady

Bunco and Dominoes Party

Over 25 Prizes to the Winners
under the auspices of the

LUTHERAN GUILD FOR THE DEAF
at

Immanuel Parish Hall

177 South 9th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Bet. Driggs Ave. and Roebling St., near Williamsburg Bridge Plaza

Saturday, Sept. 21, 1929
at 8 o'clock P.M.

Admission - - - 50 cents

Including Refreshments

John Breden, Chairman, Mrs. K. Ruppel, Miss K. Christgau, Mrs. A. Downs, Mrs. L. Brooks, John Nesgood, A. F. Schoenewaldt

Hallow Eve Party

Balloon, Beauty Contest and Sack Race

given by

Brownsville Silent Club

at the

UNION LEAGUE HALL

143 West 125th Street, New York

Proceeds for Building Fund

Two silver loving cups will be awarded:
1. To the most beautiful girl
2. To the one wearing the best costume

Also consolation prizes

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 26, 1929

Music at 7:30 P.M.

Admission - - - 75 Cents

Grand Annual Bal Masque

under auspices of the

SILENT ATHLETIC CLUB of PHILADELPHIA

Saturday Evening

NOVEMBER 2, 1929

at

MOOSE HALL

1314 North Broad Street
Philadelphia

Subscription - - - One Dollar

Including Wardrobe

Excellent Music Cash Costume Prizes

RESERVED

W. P. A. S.

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

October 26, 1929

Reserved

MEN'S CLUB

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

NOVEMBER 9, 1929

At 9th Regiment Armory

Reserved

Lexington Alumni Association

Saturday, January 18, 1930

7th Regiment Armory

RESERVED FOR

MAR G R A F CLUB

November 2, 1929

December 11, 1929

TWENTIETH-FIRST ANNUAL MASQUERADE AND BALL

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D.

Saturday, March 8, 1930

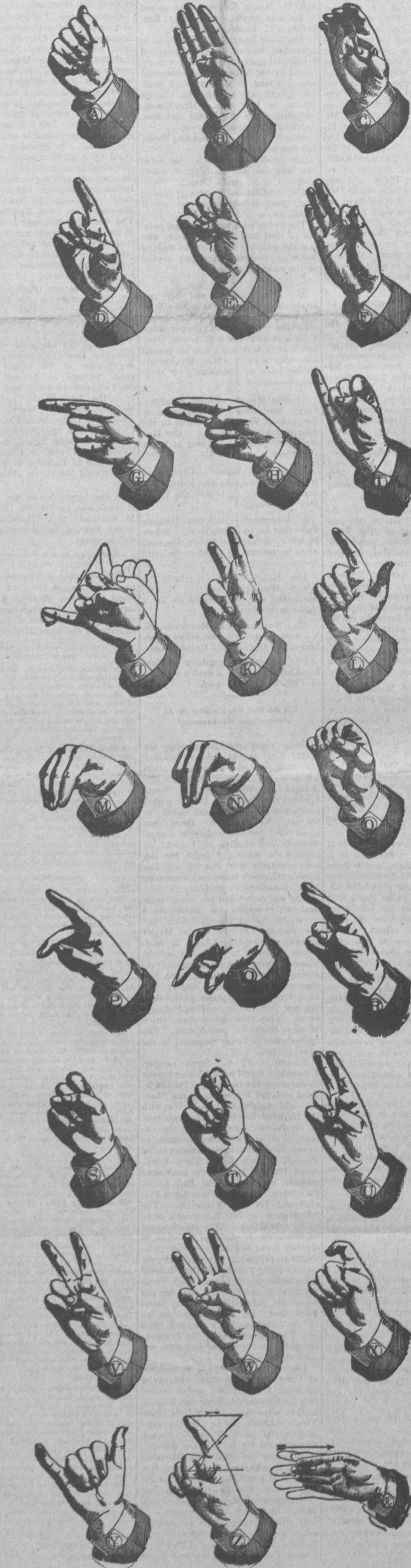
COLUMBUS CLUB BALL ROOM

"The Ballroom Beautiful"

Reserved for

BROWNSVILLE SILENT CLUB

December 14, 1929

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET

KEEP THIS DATE IN MIND

DINNER DANCE

Under the auspices of the

Woman's Parish Aid Society of St. Ann's Church

to be held in the

ASSEMBLY ROOM OF ST. ANN'S CHURCH

511 West 148th Street,

New York City

Saturday, September 14, 1929

HOME COOKED DINNER

MUSIC

DANCING

ADMISSION, \$1.00

Cash Prizes for the Most Original, Comic and Unique Costumes

ADVERTISING COSTUME BALL

under auspices of



O 7
MANHATTAN
FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

HUNTS POINT PALACE

163d Street and Southern Boulevard

Bronx, N. Y. C.

SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 16, 1929

UNSURPASSED MUSIC

ADMISSION, \$1.00

Take Lexington Ave. or 7th Ave. Subway (Bronx Park and 180th St. Line) get off at Simpson Street Station, walk one block to the hall.

Or take Lexington Ave. Subway (Pelham Bay Park or Hunt's Point Line) get off at Hunt's Point Avenue Station, walk one block to the hall.

SECOND ANNUAL**Masquerade Ball**

under auspices of

NEW HAVEN DIVISION NO. 25

N. F. S. D.

MONTOWESE HALL